

## ZION'S HERALD.

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## CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.  
The Christian's Armor.—Why the Reforma-  
tion Failed in France.—Such Folks.—  
Catholics and the Carnival (continued).—Church  
Discipline. FROM OUR EXCHANGES. 169

MISCELLANEOUS.  
Decorated Day.—Greeting from Africa,  
etc.—The Maine Conference and the Pres-  
iding Eldership.—A Letter from Canada.  
OUR BOOK TABLE. 170

THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.

The Missionary Board, etc.—Anniversary of  
the Western Missionary Society.—Letter  
from Delaware, O.—The War and the Mil-  
lennium.—Church News. TEMPERANCE.  
Notes on the Tobacco Question.—Boston  
Market.—Advertisements. 171

EDITORIAL.

Recognized, not Ordained.—Like Christ.—  
The Tyranny of Machinery.—Editorial  
Items. 172

Editorial Items (continued). NOTES FROM  
THE CHURCHES. Massachusetts.—Maine.  
—East Maine.—Rhode Island.—Vermont.—  
General Methodist Items.—Advertisements. 173

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Are You a Christian? THE FAMILY.  
The Spiral Stairway.—A Reminiscence.—  
The Sugar Pan, or Taking a Bride.—Some  
Words to Young Converts.—Articles for the  
Youngest Readers. 174

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

The Second Sunday in June.—Letter from  
Washington. OBITUARIES. Advertis-  
ments. 175

Business Notices.—Church Register.—Mar-  
riages.—Reading Notices.—Church News.  
THE WEEK. Advertisements. 176

## THE CHRISTIAN'S ARMOR.

BY E. C. TULLOCK.

[Suggested by a sermon preached on the "Strug-  
gle of Life," by Dr. J. P. Newman, April 8, 1877.]

O Christian soldier! to be strong,  
And victor in the fight,  
This is the armor thou must wear,  
'Twill give thee grace and might.

Gird up thy loins with steady truth,  
'Twill courage firm impart;  
Take for thy breastplate, righteousness,—  
'Tis found in a pure heart.

Let thy once erring, wayward feet,  
With Gospel deeds be shod;  
Ready to run in heavenly paths,  
To do the will of God.

Salvation shall thy helmet be,  
Hope of the Christian's soul;  
And holy faith thy trusty shield,—  
From it he'll darts shall roll.

In thy right hand with armor bear  
The Spirit's glorious sword—  
Promise of life, eternal life—  
The Word divine of God.

Ah, Christian! Struggles thou wilt meet,  
A battle-field is life;  
But with this armor thou shalt be  
Victorious in the strife.

Then bravely fight the fight of faith;  
And when the battle's won,  
May'st thou ascend to God's right hand,  
And hear Him say, "Well done!"  
Washington, D. C.

## WHY THE REFORMATION FAILED IN FRANCE.

BY PROF. J. P. LACROIX.

At the dawn of the revival of learn-  
ing and of the reformation of religion,  
France was in no better and no worse  
a condition than Germany or England.

The same ignorance, the same priest-  
hood, the same corrupt Church pre-  
vailed in the one as in the other coun-  
tries. Why were Germany and England  
renovated religiously, but not France?

In the first thirty years of the six-  
teenth century, the same signs of the  
dawn of better days appeared in France  
as in Germany. This seemed to be  
the fruit of a general visitation of the  
Spirit of God, irrespective of human  
mediation. The divine breath moved  
freely upon the waters, and where-  
ever susceptible hearts were found,  
there the new life struggled toward  
full birth. Thus the German monk of  
Wittenburg was sometimes astonished  
to learn that here and there in distant  
countries, and without any knowledge  
of each other, priests of the old Church  
had begun to preach the same religious  
reformation which he was engaged in.

This was eminently true of France.  
Here a large circle of evangelically-  
minded persons of the highest position,  
had formed itself. Bishops, queens,  
savants, and even cardinals belonged to  
it. It promised, in fact, better success  
than the circle of Luther. Why was  
this success not realized? Let us ex-  
amine the movement, and search for  
the answer.

Early in the century when Calvin and  
Farel were stirring the French popula-  
tion of Switzerland, they had earnest  
fellow-workers in the kingdom of  
France. These men were the friends  
and officers of Queen Margaret of Na-  
varre. She was one of the purest,  
noblest and most gifted women who  
ever graced any country or age. The  
brightest star in the court of her brother,  
Francis I., then the Queen of Navarre  
and grandmother of the great Henry  
IV, her life in all its phases sheds a  
bright halo on an otherwise dark and  
profligate age. By her spotless exam-  
ple, her inspired verse, her extensive  
correspondence, her daily conversation,  
she taught a form of pure Christianity  
which differed from Protestantism in no  
essential particular. Her long-cherished  
hope was to induce the whole Gal-  
lican Church to throw off the traditions  
of the Dark Ages, and to return to the  
pure religion of the New Testament.

And for a time she seemed on the point  
of success. Had Francis I been of a  
more manly character, and her Episco-  
pal helpers of a little sterner resolute-  
ness, she would have fully succeeded.

Among these helpers we mention  
Lefevre. He was a Catholic scholar, of  
the noblest type. He gave the first  
complete translation of the Bible into  
French. He found in the Bible the  
source of all doctrine, and poured out  
his soul in the holiest contemplations.  
But he was already fifty years old be-  
fore the new life dawned upon him;  
hence he could not thoroughly break  
away from the past. He died at ninety,  
in the Church of his birth.

Another of Margaret's friends was  
Bricconnet, Bishop of Meaux. He was  
the first to proclaim in a great French  
cathedral the new doctrine. He even  
invited to his pulpit the aged Lefevre,  
the fiery Farel, and the sweet-spirited  
Rousset—the same pulpit that after-  
wards resounded with the grand, austere  
tones of Bossuet. By this means  
he raised up, in a few years, among the  
manufacturing population of his diocese,  
a sturdy race of genuine Christians of  
the primitive type. But, alas! when  
persecution broke out, a few years later,  
Bishop Bricconnet bent before the storm,  
while his more faithful flock went to the  
martyr's stake like men. But he con-  
tinued his correspondence with Mar-  
garet, and gave up his heart to a rap-  
turous mysticism. A holy man, but too  
weak for a reformer.

Next stands Gerard Rousset. Blame-  
less in life, learned, laborious, self-de-  
nying, eloquent, a poet, a mystic, a  
polished gentleman, there was none  
from whom Margaret hoped for more  
than from him. When she became  
Queen of Navarre, she made him Bishop  
of Oleron. He established schools every-  
where in his diocese, wrote a catechism  
based solely on Scripture, insisted on  
personal holiness as the one essential,  
and endeavored to raise the priests to his  
own level. He came to a singular death.  
Having sent one of his priests to preach  
in Gascony, the populace chased him  
out of the church. Then, as Bishop, he  
went there himself, summoned a synod,  
and, mounting the pulpit, preached  
against the various superstitions of the  
Church. A mob of fanatics ensued.

In falling from his lofty pulpit,  
the Bishop was so injured that he died  
on his way home.

These men—Lefevre, Bricconnet, Rous-  
set—are samples of the class of men  
who surrounded Queen Margaret. They  
were gentle, amiable, holy men, but they  
lacked the stern stuff of which reformers  
are made. (Is not Father Hyacinthe  
of the same class?) They hesitated to  
go to the full end of their logic. They  
either made a parade of points of argu-  
ment, or they are over-rash. Hesitating,  
their opportunity slips. The age moves  
past, and leaves them stranded upon  
some little island.

When Calvin looked to France for  
help, it was to this circle of Queen Mar-  
garet that his first appeals were made.  
When these failed him, he turned to the  
*litterati*. First among these stood Rabe-  
lais—the profound, the mysterious,  
the wonderful Rabelais. But the ap-  
peal was answered by a sneer. Rabe-  
lais, though a priest, was only a so-  
cial reformer. At heart he was a skep-  
tic or a pantheist. He was the man of  
all others who stole France away from  
the Gospel, and sent her down her in-  
clined plane of three hundred years of  
frivolity. His enigmatical, licentious  
writings were on the tongues of the  
whole nation; and when at last the  
key to their irreligion came out, Rabe-  
lais was already dead and out of  
reach of the fires of fanaticism.

When we remember that among the  
friends of Rabelais were all the great  
writers of the day—the Du Bellays,  
Marot, Dolet, Des Periers, etc.—how  
can we wonder that the gener-  
ous, heroic aspirations of the gentle  
Queen of Navarre were destined to  
speedy blight!

Marot was a poet of the finest type.  
Under the inspiration of Margaret he  
wrote hymns which French Protestant-  
ism has been singing ever since; but he  
lacked principle. When trial came, he  
deserted his muse to the lowest serv-  
ice.

Dolet was one of the brightest scholars  
that ever lived. He was a literary re-  
former. In restoring Cicero's writings  
and opinions to popularity, he thought  
to render the human race his everlasting  
debtor. It was in the spirit of the  
Latin classics that he lived and moved.  
After prodigious labors and fearful per-  
secutions, he was burned at the stake  
by priestly hate for little other reason  
than that he ridiculed superstition and  
ignorance.

Des Periers was of a similar turn to  
Dolet. But he was worse at heart. He  
was a zealous atheist. At first he  
was an officer of Queen Margaret's  
court, but he dissembled his inner in-  
fidelity—for a while. But the fire of  
his hatred would out. After years of  
labor he brought out his unbelief, in an  
elaborate Latin work. He printed it at  
Paris; it was suppressed. He printed

it again at Lyons. Margaret sent him  
from her court in disgrace. He sank  
into isolation and destitution. When  
persecution threatened, he died a sui-  
cide. But his evil influence went on.  
Rabelais, Dolet, Des Periers—the posi-  
tive evil of these men, joined to the  
unwise or wavering Christianity of Bri-  
connet, Lefevre and Rousset, is the ex-  
planation of the disappointment of the  
hopes of good Queen Margaret, and of  
the failure of the Reformation in the  
kingdom of France.

There is a tide in the life of nations,  
as well as of individuals. Failure to  
give it the right turn at the right time,  
gives failure to the life of the nation for  
ages to come. France rejected the joy  
of Gospel of Calvin and the warm evan-  
gelicalism of Queen Margaret, and  
threw herself into the arms of the lev-  
ity of the *litterati* and of the supersti-  
tion of the priests, and the moral obli-  
quity of her last three centuries is the  
unquestionable result. And her only  
hope is in retracing her steps.

## SUCH FOLKS.

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

On one side of the street the houses  
were "decent," on the other, "respect-  
able," in the esteem of ordinary pass-  
ers-by. But the "decent" people re-  
garded their neighbors as "genteel,"  
and so envied and spied them; while  
the "genteel" regarded them as low,  
and despised them.

Among the "decent" people was the  
family of an honest, hard-working  
teamster, who had spared no money in  
educating his two girls for teachers, and  
keeping them and their mother as pos-  
sibly nicely dressed and comfortable as  
possible.

The girls did not find that commit-  
tee were waiting at the door of the  
high school to bear them off at the  
close of their graduating exercises.  
Months passed; and eagerly as they  
had sought situations, they were still at  
home doing nothing, while their mother  
cheerfully did everything, rather than  
compromise their position, at the  
bread-bowl or the wash-tub.

The old man was not strong, and the  
hope of "starting the girls in life" had  
bowed him up through a long strug-  
gle; he, in the mean time, creeping in  
and out at the back gate, lest "such  
folks" as the opposite neighbors should  
know he was the man of the house and  
the father of the girls whose patient  
practicing on a rattling piano was  
anything but agreeable to them.

He ventured at last to suggest that  
there were other ways, aside from  
teaching, by which girls could make a  
living. The mother, whose love ex-  
ceeded her wisdom, exclaimed,  
"What, and waste all we have spent  
on their education!"

It was in vain that the sensible fa-  
ther hinted that learning was "some-  
thing that would keep." The mother  
asked indignantly, "What would our  
opposite neighbors, and such folks,  
think, if they knew of their leaving  
their books and piano for shops or  
stores?"

To know "such folks," and to ap-  
pear like them, was this poor woman's  
highest ambition; while all that "such  
folks" knew or cared about them was  
to say, "Why don't that old teamster  
take his whip to those girls and stop  
their ponding that poor piano?"

But there are "such folks" at both  
ends of the social line. Our young  
girls were in pursuit of schools which  
they could teach, or of music scholars  
they could not teach.

The upper part of the house was va-  
cated, and a bill put out. Women,  
whose fine clothes, contrasting strange-  
ly with the style of the apartments,  
came to look at them, and the silly  
mother of our young girls said she did  
hope "such folks" would hire them.  
And when poor, weary-looking women  
and young mothers with babies in their  
arms came, then she said, "I do hope  
'such folks' won't get in here!"

After a score of persons had exam-  
ined the premises, they saw their land-  
lord come up the steps and pull off  
the bill. The house was let; and to  
whom, became the great question.

The mystery was soon solved. A  
wagon drove up to the door with a  
very little plain furniture, followed by  
an old lady in a widow's cap of very  
shabby attire, and a bright, young girl  
with her arms full of boxes and bun-  
dles.

To the horror of the people below  
stairs, the young girl, having depos-  
ited her burden, returned and took  
books, pictures, looking-glass, and  
other little things from the hands of  
the driver, and carried them up stairs!

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the old ten-  
ant. "How dreadful to have such folks  
get into the house with us! What will  
the folks across the street think?"

Whatever the dreaded gentry might  
think—if they took the trouble to  
think at all—made very little differ-  
ence to the worthy widow and her  
children. They came in and went out  
at the front door with packages and

baskets, just as they had a right to do  
in a house without restrictions, and  
with no other entrance but one through  
the back cellar, reached only by a long,  
dark alley-way. They were very  
tidy, and very quiet for "such folks,"  
and always had a pleasant smile and a  
"good-day" on the stairs. But there  
was the awful suspicion of a "brogue"  
on their tongues!

They were soon set down as "strange  
persons," for the voice of prayer and  
thanksgiving was heard, night and  
morning, from their rooms, and the  
Sabbath was a day of rest, and of wor-  
ship in God's house.

The family below stairs were com-  
pletely puzzled by their mingled air of  
gentility and modesty. They had at  
first resolved to keep entirely aloof  
from them, and to let the folks oppo-  
site see that they did so; but almost  
involuntarily they fell into compani-  
onship with them. One night, the poor  
old teamster, having lifted heavily and  
wrought long in a drenching rain, was  
taken suddenly ill. The widow above  
stairs heard the commotion below, and  
waited for no call. She went down  
and put all her motherly skill into  
practice, while her son went for the  
doctor, and her daughter rendered lit-  
tle services which the alarm of his own  
children prevented their doing.

The doctor chanced to know Mrs.  
Graham, and the respectful manner in  
which he addressed her, raised her into  
the position of a lady!

The Dobbs family were greatly re-  
lieved to learn that the new neighbors  
were from Aberdeen instead of Cork,  
as they had feared, and that the son  
was studying medicine. That, of  
course, made him a gentleman!

When the doctor was leaving, he  
gave all his directions to Mrs. Graham,  
and said, "I must tell your country-  
woman, Mrs. Sheafe, that you are so  
near. I know she will be glad to meet  
you. And, by the way, if Miss Grace's  
hands are not full already, I'm sure she  
will find pupils there."

The Dobbs family soon learned that  
their new neighbor was the widow of a  
Scottish clergyman, with little means;  
that she had come to America in hope  
of eking out a living, and at the same  
time allowing her son to finish his medi-  
cal education; that the modest young  
girl had already secured a place as  
morning governess, at three dollars a  
week, with time left for other pupils;  
and that the mother passed her leisure  
in covering buttons—an easy, though  
not a very lucrative employment.

The next week, Mrs. Sheafe, who oc-  
cupied one of the best houses opposite,  
called on the widow, and invited her  
and her children to tea, which greatly  
surprised the Dobbs family.

The little Sheafes were soon num-  
bered among Miss Graham's scholars.  
When Miss Grace told her neighbors  
of it, she said, playfully, "Just as soon  
as I get two more pupils, mother and  
I will put the button-basket out of sight  
evenings, and go to bed at ten o'clock.  
But I shall always love buttons, and  
speak respectfully of them, for they  
helped us to earn our honest bread be-  
fore we could get anything else to do.  
When we were strangers here, they  
became our friends, and every button  
had a halo round it like heads of the  
Virgin in old pictures! If I ever can-  
onize a new saint in any calendar, it  
shall be 'St. Button!'"

The girls below stairs, who knew  
nothing but what was in school-books,  
began to feel their deficiencies in com-  
parison with this bright, competent,  
and well-read girl. They borrowed  
her books, admired her pencil draw-  
ings, and asked her down to play on  
their piano—she, though a skillful per-  
former, having no such luxury as yet.

As the old teamster's health failed, it  
became necessary for his girls "to do  
something." They opened their hearts  
to the old lady above stairs, who gave  
them this good advice: "Do what  
pleases your taste, if you can get it to  
do; and if not, then do the next best  
thing, and thank the Lord for that.  
Do anything that is honest rather than  
live in idle dependence on one who is  
not able to earn your bread. Regia at  
the buttons, if you like, with me.  
When Fergus is once able to care  
wholly for himself, neither he nor  
Gracie will suffer me to touch a button;  
but will bid me keep my wee bit of in-  
come for myself. If we still bide here,  
or know where to find you, I'll pass  
the buttons all o'er to you, and you'll  
find them 'friends in need, friends in  
distress,' as we have done."

"Thank you, but— but—" began  
one of the girls.

"But what, child?" asked the  
widow.

"But—you know—we both gradu-  
ated at the high school!"

"Aye, dear, but that won't hurt the  
buttons, nor yet will the buttons harm  
the education. Look at my lassie! She  
has the education of a lady; and the  
wisdom she got with it helped her to  
make the best of matters when in  
poverty. If she and I had seated our-  
selves in this strange land, and said,  
'We are ladies, and competent to do  
this and that, and will condescend to

nothing else,' we should have been pau-  
pers to-day instead of being independ-  
ent and able to give the less fortunate  
a lift, now and then, with their bur-  
dens. Remember, dears, God has  
made us with hands, as well as brains.  
Could you keep books, very simply?"

"No."  
"Could you teach the rudiments of  
French to the little Sheafes? Gracie  
hasn't time for that."

"I shouldn't dare to undertake it,  
although I have studied French."

"What can you do besides taking a  
place in a school?"

"Nothing in the world."  
"Then your education is very de-  
fective. If half, even, of those gradu-  
ating as you have done, want to do  
this, there are not schools enough for  
them. Most, they, therefore, live in  
idleness and dependence? Women are  
not shut up to so narrow a sphere.  
There is no reason why a woman of  
education and good sense, should flee  
the walks of business any more than a  
man of the same class. Suppose every  
man with a fair education should re-  
fuse to work unless he could be a pro-  
fessional man—wouldn't you think  
them all fools?"

"Why, yes, but ladies—you know  
—why, the Sheafes and such folks  
wouldn't—"

"What wouldn't they do?"  
"They wouldn't take notice of us—  
if—"

The widow smiled and replied,  
"They certainly take notice of persons  
who cover buttons; and if they scorned  
a well-educated woman for doing the  
best thing she could get to do, their re-  
gard would not be worth having. We  
have nothing to do with 'such folks,'  
but are accountable to God for the use  
we make of our hands as well as our  
brains; and He will not smile on us if  
we set up our will and do what pleases  
ourselves, or nothing. We may lay out  
a certain path, but God may lay out  
another. He may choose to lift us up,  
or to cast us down; but as long as we  
follow His guidance, we are safe. If  
He shuts up our chosen door, we must  
enter an open one and acknowledge  
Him in all our ways. In His own good  
time our loving Father will give the  
seat of honor to the faithful either here  
or at His right hand above."

These girls were thoughtful rather  
than headstrong, and they pondered on  
the lesson of the good woman. The  
eldest of the two took her seat the next  
day to learn of her new friend the  
mysteries of the humble art. And  
well it was for her family that she did  
so, for very soon her work was all that  
kept the wolf from the door.

The poor old teamster laid down the  
reins and the whip never to raise them  
again, and the whole time of his wife  
was required at his bedside.

While thus faithfully engaged, a call  
came for the oldest girl to take a school  
in her own city. She accepted it joy-  
fully, but she and her sister still devo-  
ted their leisure to the buttons, that  
they might provide comforts for their  
father in his lingering illness.

The old man died, and not long after  
that, the youngest daughter also found  
a school. But they clung to the but-  
tons still in their leisure; and their  
mother also found the simple work  
well-suited to her ability.

With this double employment they  
soon began to lay up a little money  
towards paying for a home for their  
mother in her old age. Before long  
Mrs. Graham was enabled to rest from  
that work; and then it fell into their  
hands and they became prosperous and  
independent, and ceased to care for  
the opinions of "such folks" as they  
had once feared. Indeed, they had lit-  
tle reason to fear them, for they had  
gained the respect of those who had  
once despised them; and, what  
was still better, an honest self-respect  
which lifted them above caring for the  
opinions of others.

## CADIZ AND THE CARNIVAL.

BY REV. J. T. GRACEY.

[Continued.]

We turn aside from the crowd and  
stroll through the Cathedral and the  
Museum of Art, where are some hun-  
dreds of paintings, amongst which is a  
superior "St. John" by Rubens, and a  
"Children of the Shell" by Murillo.

We remark here, as we have often done  
elsewhere, Rubens' great fidelity to  
nature in his old men. Wonderful  
fidelity are these of the venerable seers  
whom he would represent. We never  
yet discovered anything quite to our  
fancy in the coarse Dutch beauties of  
Rubens' brush, but we turn to his  
powerful representations of aged men  
as we do to Murillo for wonderful rep-  
resentations of children. These old  
men and children are so vividly in our  
minds, that we are sure they will be "a  
joy forever" in our memory.

But Cadiz is a commercial city, and  
we should not be writing of art here;  
nor need we tarry long in this gallery,  
though the quiet and the coolness are

both congenial. We pass out and are  
once more pushing our way through the  
masqueraded crowd

## DECORATION DAY.

BY REV. V. A. COOPER.

A nation young, and strong, and brave,  
Not lately launched upon the wave,  
With wind and tide contending;  
With big white sails and streamer mast,  
Fearless of tide and blast,  
Pressing all sail and flying fast.  
On a voyage which seemed unending.

Her wealth in soil, in clime, in gold,  
In mountain ore and prairie fold—  
No lustre brightly gleaming;  
In lands untracked, in powers unknown,  
In mines unwrought, in grains unsown,  
In virtues whose fair colors show  
With radiance ever beaming.

Her fame her sons in history wrought  
By deeds heroic and blood-bought,  
To tyrants never yielding;  
'Gainst Indian treachery in the glade,  
'Gainst British steel in mountain shade,  
Unheated for aye the freeman's blade  
Which Freedom's arm is wielding.

Then Peace, long peace in prosperous day,  
Beneath her banner did display  
The fruits of their achieving;  
Religion rescued from the clime,  
And Learning with unwearied pains  
Built halls upon barbaric plains,  
Grand future thus concealing.

The city, town and hamlet rose,  
Where Art had broke the long repose,  
The wilderness redeeming;  
Fair Science waved her mystic wand,  
Domestic quiet filled the land,  
From river's fount to ocean's strand  
Progressive life was teeming.

Either from every shore they fled  
Who, crushed beneath the despot's tread,  
For human rights were sighing;  
So strong this instinct of the soul  
To reach the God-established goal  
Which kings usurped and tyrants stole,  
That hosts were hither flying.

The man-king stood on either strand,  
Stretching o'er seas the welcome hand,  
All other kings defying;  
Proud Freedom's banner was unrolled,  
Bestud with stars more bright than gold,  
Red, white and blue in ample fold,  
The heavenly colors lying.

On Northern skies her glory blazed,  
Till terror-stricken nations gazed,  
With jealous fear beholding;  
A cloud on Southern skies alone  
From Southern climes the only moan,  
The only note of warning known—  
The bondman's fate enfolding.

Oh land of the blest, bright home of the  
brave,  
Which God hath established—the hope of  
the world,  
How long shall thy banner continue to  
wave  
For freedom and truth 'mong the nations  
unfurled?  
While the sea encircles thy shores in its  
love  
Shall, over thy States, still hover the dove?

But, hark! like the thunder's loud stroke!  
See! from the dark sky it broke—  
The red lightning, flashing and gleaming!  
'Twas the cannon's loud peal;  
'Twas the glitter of steel;  
How the nation did reel  
'Neath the traitors' uprising!

Then freedom rose from east to west,  
Then heaven and groaned the patriot breast  
As seas when storms are gathering;  
In solemn warning tolls the bell,  
Swung by the undercurrent's well  
Which breaks at length the dreadful spell—  
White foam the mad waves feathering.

See gathering host on clattering hoof,  
From palace hall and cottage roof,  
Their spears all hearts surprising!  
The gray-haired sire, the patriot son—  
From every rank they come, they come!  
The world, with silent wonder dumb,  
Saw Freedom's self uprising.

Oh phalanx true! the nation's pride  
From ocean's wave to mountain side,  
Invincible, unyielding!  
They stood as brave as ancient sire;  
They bared their breasts to trait'rous fire;  
Their val'rous deeds all hearts admire—  
Their nation's prowess wielding.

'Mid hissing shot, 'mid bursting shell,  
'Mid sulph'rous smoke that breathed from  
hell  
The brave men stood, these brave men  
fell,  
So bravely fought, they died as well;  
Immortal pen the strokes shall tell  
Their strong right arms were dealing.

The sympathy of foreign power  
With traitors, darker made that hour,  
Vile treason thus abetting;  
Stood these brave men through all its gloom,  
Unblanched by threat or cannon's boom,  
Defending altar rights and home  
Against dangers all besetting.

'Tis Sabbath morn. A calm, bright day;  
A little cottage far away  
From city's din retreating;  
The lattice-work about the door,  
The jasmine gently climbing o'er,  
Tell of two hearts' true beating.

But, see! through careless, swinging door,  
Now kneeling on the sanded floor  
An angelic bending;  
The open Bible on the stand,  
The glasses laid from wrinkled hand  
Now upward raised at God's command,  
Invoking heaven's blessing.

He prayed for Church, for law, for truth,  
For age, for manhood, childhood, youth,  
For sinners God-defying,  
With voice untremulous and stern;  
Devotion's flame, from childhood's urn—  
The Puritanic fires, which burn  
Unflickering, undying.

The son's deep tide no longer stayed,  
When for their noble boy he prayed;  
The mother's sobs inditing  
The prayer, which on the track of war  
Might save from fever, wound or scar,  
Might keep him pure, away so far  
In bivouac, march and fighting.

And when he prayed the God of nations,  
Pouring to Him his heart's oblations  
For liberty unending,  
Upon the altar placed the son,  
A sacrifice to victory won,  
And said, "Thy will, O God, be done,  
Who art this land defending!"

Sabbath returns, with tolling bell,  
Its requiem sounding through the dell.  
I see the cottage winding,  
See! feebly tottering up the way  
The aged couple, who that day  
On sanded floor had knelt to pray,  
Abram's victim binding.

Oh, sacrifice for country's good!  
Oh, bleeding victim gone to God—  
Affection's priceless offering!  
With flag revered, with sheathed blade,  
The diamond ring, by Tony Pastor.

They bore him to the solemn shade,  
Close by the school-house where he played,  
God to them patience proffering.

Ye living, as the tale ye tell  
Of victory won where brave men fell,  
Nor praise nor tears suppressing,  
Gather around each holy grave,  
Let flowers immortal honors wave  
O'er deaths which did your country save,  
Their resting-place caressing.

Place here the monumental stone;  
Fill here devotion's sacred urn,  
Dear memories thus refreshing,  
Return from here, in solemn weeds,  
To tell your children of the deeds  
In which a brave man dares and bleeds,  
And finds e'en death a blessing.

## GREETING FROM AFRICA

TO THE SOUTHWESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

BY GILBERT HAVEN.

I rejoice in your daring intention,  
And, I trust, also in fact, to come forth  
in a weekly issue. Great is your bold-  
ness; greater your call. In these trou-  
blesome times you build the wall of the  
future in the Church, and so in the  
State; for the Church must mould the  
State or be moulded by it. You build  
this new wall by breaking down the old  
middle wall of partition between hu-  
man and Christian brothers—as high,  
as old, as seemingly indissoluble as that  
which separated Jew and Gentile in  
the days of Paul—the wall of circum-  
cision, and which he broke down so un-  
derly that it has not been known in the  
Church for almost eighteen centuries.  
Nay, not as old as that was, for that  
was a prejudice of a thousand years,  
this not half that time. What courage  
was it in Paul to proclaim himself the  
apostle of the uncircumcised, to stand  
alone of all the Church, when he began,  
and long afterward, on this divine  
truth! Peter, forced into it, fell back,  
and but for Paul the equality, fraterni-  
ty, oneness of the Gentiles with the  
Jewish Churches would have never  
been secured.

Of like courage is our Advocate at  
New Orleans, in preaching a truth  
alike unwelcome, alike divine, alike  
necessary to the salvation of our Church  
and nation. Of like courage, but not of  
like lonely courage, for it is not alone in  
the advocacy of the doctrine that all are  
one in Jesus Christ, and shall be treated  
as one. Many are with it in this  
glorious war. The battle of slavery is  
over. The battle of caste is begun.  
Hot, hotter, hottest it is already raging.  
How fiercely are its fires burning in the  
furnace political! But for caste not one  
of those thousands of terrible mur-  
ders would have happened that cover  
thick the South with fraternal blood.  
But for caste the most terrible silence  
of most of its journals, secular and  
religious, would never have brooded,  
like a death pall, over their pens. But  
for caste there would have been no  
creation of Conferences into which  
those of like blood and experience with  
their brethren are crowded for no sin,  
but their color, given and loved of God.  
But for caste the Northern heart would  
not tremble and flee, as it does, from  
the recognition, actually and perfectly,  
of the brotherhood of man. But for  
caste this tempestuous national hour  
would be calm as the midsummer  
zephyr. Caste

"whets the knife  
For the nation's life."

The Southwestern is fortunately  
placed where it can do battle against  
this gigantic sin. Its origin, its pa-  
trons, its editors, from first to last, its  
idea and life-blood are all anti-caste.  
Other journals may have other reasons  
for their origination. This lives and  
moves and has its being in this princi-  
ple. Though first and last a Church  
journal, it is, none the less, first and  
last, a journal of the Church devoted to  
this truth.

The Church, with that wise balanc-  
ing, which is said to become well-or-  
dered States, while it allows a present  
evil, and, in some of its enactments,  
seems to endorse it, also prepares by  
other actions for its extermination. It,  
with one hand, permits indulgence of a  
wrong because of the present hardness  
of its people's hearts, as Moses per-  
mitted a semi-legalized polygamy and di-  
vorce; with the other it creates a force  
that will abolish it. One of the chief  
forces it has created is the Southwestern  
Christian Advocate. Fortunately it is  
located. Nowhere in the land does the  
battle rage more hotly. There the op-  
probrious color has been mingling with  
the choicest blood of different European  
nations, for almost three hundred  
years. French, Spanish, English, have  
contributed to its retrieval and so-  
cial elevation. Heiresses of beauty  
have held their fathers' names, heirs of  
culture their fathers' estates. Some of  
the wealthiest of her citizens are of this  
amalgam. Americans have driven this  
tendency to its completion; so that no  
ladies in the country can exceed those  
of this mixed origin. They are indis-  
tinguishable by their own kin.

I knew of one such New Orleans lady  
teaching in the North. Her name was  
mentioned in the hearing of a family  
visiting in that vicinity from the same  
city. They supposed that she was one  
of the pure white daughters, bravely  
earning her living in this unusual man-  
ner. They therefore determined to  
honor her with their recognition. They  
took a carriage, rode out to the school-  
room, and called for her. She appear-  
ed, and they hugged and kissed her,  
and cried over her and bewailed her  
hapless lot—a school-mistress! What  
a fall! Had they known she was only  
a morganatic daughter of that house,  
that in her veins, out of sight, flowed  
that accursed drop which is said to  
"make contraband" the fairest and  
whitest, how they would have shud-  
dered and fled from the embrace!

New Orleans has many such cultured  
men and women—no other city as  
many. There, then, is the battle set.  
The North, slow of heart to believe, is  
getting convinced by the terrible battle  
going forward in that State, of the  
truth not only of the equality but of the  
brotherhood of man.

Mr. Garrison used to paint a favorite  
picture—a negro in chains, on his knees,  
and beneath, the words, "Am I not a  
man and a brother?" It took thirty  
years of debate and four of war, to com-  
pel the nation to take off the chains and  
to say, by his emancipation and en-  
franchisement, "Thou art a man." How  
it did resist that duty! How slowly  
it accepted it! It passed its own  
children through the fire to the  
Moloch of slavery—a half million of  
its best and bravest boys. But it groan-  
ed out at last, "Thou art a man. Thou  
shalt own thyself. Thou shalt vote.  
Thou art a man!" But it refused  
fiercely to say, "Thou art my brother."  
"A negro my brother? A negro my  
sister? Horror of horrors! What next?  
Social oneness. No distinction any-  
where on account of color. Impossible!"  
God, who sat in the heavens,  
heard, and said, "He is your brother.  
You shall acknowledge him as such.  
Not reluctantly, nor with averted gaze.  
Not contemptuously, but heartily, un-  
consciously, joyfully." \* \* \*

The Christians and Methodists North  
will accept in their conscience, and  
after no long while with their hearts,  
the blessed truth. The Christians and  
Methodists of the South will also ac-  
cept it. It cannot long be Christian  
or Methodist and refuse such accept-  
ance. Your cause shall triumph, and  
the journal which is youngest and least  
among these places, shall be the first  
in honor and success. Such is the  
greeting from Africa. The oldest of  
continents and peoples salutes the  
youngest of Advocates, and bids it God-  
speed in the same work with which she  
is identified. \* \* \*

They have some privileges here in  
these respects above their brothers in  
America. There are none to molest  
or make them afraid, at least about  
Monrovia. At Cape Palmas the natives  
trouble them. They have none to de-  
spise and hate them. They are mas-  
ters of multitudes of natives, too many  
and too servile. But, on the other  
hand, the stimulus of winning respect  
of all men where all men are, is gone.  
They are by themselves, a colored  
State, like a colored Church. Only by  
abiding among those who reject them  
can they conquer and convert their  
rejecters. We want no black States,  
San Domingo was providently rejected  
if it was meant to be a place for re-  
deeming our fellow-citizens, and the  
erection of an exclusively black com-  
monwealth. All races one race, is the  
only law for America.

## THE MAINE CONFERENCE AND THE PRESIDING ELDERSHIP.

BY A MAINE LAYMAN.

Those who listened to the debates in  
the last General Conference upon the  
Presiding Elder question, cannot fail to  
remember with what pertinacity the  
opponents of any proposed change in-  
sisted that neither the people nor the  
clergy desired it. This sentiment at  
last obtained such an influence in that  
Conference, that the simple question of  
allowing the several Annual Confer-  
ences to fix and determine the number  
of districts in their several Conferences,  
was by a majority declared unconstitutional.  
A more absurd proposition  
upon its face was scarcely ever infor-  
mation of any deliberative body; and in  
justice to its advocates, it should be said  
it was a mere piece of strategy, intended  
and designed to defeat any change, and  
hold the matter at bay for another four  
years.

A significant response to this action  
of the General Conference came up  
from the Maine Annual Conference at  
its last session, a few weeks since.  
Made up largely of sound, practical  
men, it demonstrated two facts: First,  
that the clergy and laity in the Maine  
Conference are in favor of a change;  
and second, that it can be inaugurated  
without disturbing in the least degree  
the peace and harmony of the Church.

A vote, requesting the presiding  
Bishop to reduce the number of districts  
from three to two, was passed, with only  
fourteen dissenting votes, in a Confer-  
ence of over one hundred members.  
Bishop Scott, although personally op-  
posed to the proposed change, in the  
exercise of a wise and sound discretion  
respected the wishes of the Conference,  
and granted its request.

In this action of the Conference, there  
was nothing unconstitutional, nothing  
revolutionary, and nothing which in  
any manner conflicts with the letter or  
spirit of the Discipline. While the pro-  
posed "constitutional amendment" is  
"swinging round the circle," and  
traveling from Conference to Confer-  
ence, the members of the Maine Con-  
ference, by a single vote, cut the "Gor-  
dian knot," and demonstrated to the  
world that "some things can be done,  
as well as others."

In justice to all concerned, it should  
be said that this action of the Confer-  
ence and concurrent action of the pre-  
siding Bishop, are universally approved  
by that Conference. It is idle and pre-  
posterous to pretend that the members  
of an Annual Conference do not under-  
stand the interests involved in this ques-  
tion as well as, or better than, an in-  
dividual stranger, though he be clothed  
with a Bishop's authority and power.

But I forbear to argue a question so  
clearly self-evident. My only object in  
taking up my pen is to call public atten-  
tion to the highly satisfactory action of

the Maine Conference. It was a splen-  
did coup d'état, and will do much  
towards relieving this question of the  
complications and embarrassments  
thrown around it by those opposed to  
necessary Church reforms.

I will only add that the brethren ap-  
pointed to preside over the two districts  
in the Maine Conference will be found  
"equal to the occasion," and I have no  
doubt their official administration will  
demonstrate the wisdom of the Confer-  
ence and the appointing power, both in  
fixing district boundaries and in the se-  
lection of men.

## A LETTER FROM CANADA.

MR. EDITOR: Your columns have for  
some time past been full to overflowing  
respecting the doings of your own city.  
Few places, we should suppose, have at-  
tracted so much attention to those at a  
distance as the city of Boston. Moody  
and Sankey on the one hand, and Joseph  
Cook on the other, have certainly made  
"the Hub," for the time being, a place  
of great celebrity. We are not un-  
aware of the fact that these noble men  
have detractors among you; but our at-  
tention has been so much absorbed with  
the doings of those whom we have  
now named, that we have cared but  
little for what the Sanballats were  
pleased to say. A great work has been  
done in Boston, the influence of which  
is not only felt in the immediate vicinity,  
but also in all parts of the world where  
the English language is spoken.

On our side of the line, 45 degrees,  
there has been a strong effort made to  
induce the revivalists to favor the Cana-  
dians with their labors, when they  
were done in Boston; but we fear  
that the chance of success is not very  
encouraging. Could they have been  
persuaded to make Montreal their next  
centre of operations, there is no doubt  
but that great good would have been  
effected. Boston is reputed with be-  
ing the principal seat of Unitarianism;  
and we can assure you that Montreal is  
pre-eminently the seat of Roman Cath-  
olicism. "The man of sin" always an  
immense sceptre, and thousands crouch  
under his mitre. If a great revival  
could be started here, a great inroad  
would be made upon Popery.

The Protestants of Montreal are a  
noble class of people, and we do not  
hazard much by saying that they are  
among the most magnificent contributors  
anywhere to be found within the bounds  
of Protestantism. Few cities have suf-  
fered so much during the late commer-  
cial crisis, and yet we are pleased to re-  
cord the fact, that in contributing for  
benevolent purposes, Montreal still  
maintains a foremost position.

Our readers are familiar with the name of  
Rev. Charles Chénier. He was for-  
merly a Roman Catholic, but for more  
than a quarter of a century he has been  
an earnest Presbyterian minister. His  
labors in Montreal for the last two years  
have been greatly owned among his  
own countrymen—the French. Since  
January last, not less than 3,000 habi-  
tants have been drawn to the Church in  
which he preaches. For the last twelve  
months, he states that there has not  
been a single day, when he has been at  
home, that there have not been some  
Romanists who have visited him with a  
view to renounce the Romish Church.  
In four months he states that he has  
taken the names of seven hundred, who  
have declared themselves to be adher-  
ents to Protestantism. Not a few of  
these poor creatures, in thus acting, have  
had to endure persecutions of the most  
painful description, almost equal to such  
as were endured during the Dark Ages.

Romanism persecutes all classes and  
nationalities. She demands freedom for  
herself, but will never yield to others  
what she so determinedly claims. The  
poor Indians at Oka have for years past  
felt the pressure of her iron heel. The  
gentlemen of the seminary have those  
at Oka who are using every means pos-  
sible to annoy and persecute the poor  
creatures, and will even take them be-  
fore magistrates for the most trivial of-  
fenses, and, if possible, secure their  
imprisonment. In too many instances  
they succeed. But the truth prevails.  
Not only are the persecuted remaining  
faithful, but, quite recently, the Meth-  
odist missionaries there received four  
Romanist Indians into his Church. One  
of them said he thought of doing so  
last fall, but as he was then in destitute  
circumstances, he thought he would  
wait until winter had passed away, be-  
cause people might say he had turned  
Protestant to have something to eat  
through the winter.

How long these persecutions are to  
continue, we know not; but we are  
glad that there is a determination on  
the part of Montreal Protestants, that  
unless the Canadian government un-  
dertakes on behalf of these poor, per-  
secuted Indians, that the matter shall  
be prosecuted with the utmost vigor,  
and be carried even to the foot of the  
throne of England.

The French Canadian Missionary So-  
ciety's agents are doing a good work  
in the parishes of Quebec. There are  
thirteen employed, who go from village  
to village, calling at the various houses  
for the purpose of distributing the Bible  
and religious books, and holding reli-  
gious conversation with the people. The  
priests show their antipathy to these  
servants of God by pronouncing all  
kinds of anathemas upon them, and de-  
nouncing such as dare to give them the  
least encouragement. The poor people  
are told that "the Protestant Bible is  
the work of a madman and demoniac,  
and all who read it will be damned;  
it does nothing but abuse the Virgin Mary  
and our Bishops." Sometimes these  
noble, self-denying men have to endure  
much abuse, and are pained to find that  
"bonfires have been made of some of  
the books which they have sold or given

away." Still, the truth spreads. The  
seed is being sown, and the harvest will  
come by and by. But, alas! thousands  
and tens of thousands are still deluded  
by the errors of Romanism. Hundreds  
have started on a pilgrimage to Rome  
for the purpose of carrying a large  
present of money to the poor, persecut-  
ed Pope who is kept a prisoner (?) in  
his own city.

Two ministers of Montreal have lately  
attained to great notoriety. One, Rev.  
J. Bray, Congregationalist, formerly a  
Wesleyan local preacher in Corn-  
wall, and for some years a young  
minister of great promise, I believe at  
Sheffield, Yorkshire, on coming to Mon-  
tréal, at once took a prominent place  
among the clergy there. He has deliv-  
ered some very popular lectures on "the  
Waldenses," "the Romish Church,"  
"Unitarianism," etc. He has been the sub-  
ject of much newspaper correspondence,  
and more than once has thought fit to  
defend himself from the attacks of his  
accusers. Recently he preached a ser-  
mon on the punishment of the wicked,  
in which, if we understood him aright,  
he boldly denounced the doctrine of  
endless punishment, and defended  
that of the Restorationists. A great  
stir was made, and what the result will  
be remains to be seen.

Another minister of whom a good  
deal is now being said, is Rev. James  
Roy, of the Methodist Church. He has  
been in the ministry about twenty-three  
years, and has always been regarded as  
one who would be very likely to occupy  
a prominent place in the Church. He  
is a man of extensive acquirements, and  
has been one of the hardest students  
we ever knew, a real gentleman in his  
manner, and one of the most honor-  
able and upright men, though extreme-  
ly sensitive. He is always popular  
among the intellectual class, but  
somehow, he has not invariably been  
so acceptable among the poorer and  
less educated. Some have thought that  
he leaned a good deal to Unitarianism  
and broad Churchism. Some time  
since, he published a pamphlet entitled,  
"Catholicity and Methodism," in which  
he discusses the question, "Was Meth-  
odism ever Catholic?" and quotes Wes-  
ley's statement that he did not impose  
any opinions whatever on persons who  
were admitted into his society. Mr.  
Roy is a great admirer of Mr. Wesley,  
and contends from the views which he  
published respecting Cornelius, the cen-  
turiion, and others, that Mr. Wesley  
was extremely liberal, especially in the  
later part of his life. Of course, Mr. R.  
is of the opinion that Methodism is not  
now as tolerant as its founder was, and  
he would have the Methodist Church to  
become so liberalized as to become a  
kind of nucleus or reunion of the Church  
of God. The editor of the *Christian  
Guardian* has written a review of the  
pamphlet, in which he takes exception  
to some of Mr. Roy's positions. Mr.  
R. has replied, and states that the edi-  
tor has misunderstood him. A minis-  
ter in Montreal Conference, Rev. J. Bon-  
land, has preferred a series of charges  
against him, based on certain state-  
ments of his pamphlet. A committee  
is now sitting, and it is stated that  
some days will elapse before they can  
complete their labors. It is hard to say  
what the result may be. None, we  
think, would desire Mr. Roy's exclusion  
from the Church, and while it is desir-  
able to grant the utmost liberty to all  
who preach the Word, yet, doubtless,  
the majority will be of the opinion that  
the success of Methodism has been  
largely the result of the harmony of  
sentiment on religious questions which  
has obtained among Methodist minis-  
ters. After the committee have com-  
pleted their labors, their report will be  
presented to the district meeting to  
which the accused belongs. Thence it  
will be referred to the Conference,  
whose action will be final. We dare  
say that the interest that will be felt in  
the question at the Conference will  
cause that assembly to be numerously  
attended.

Toronto has just held its week of an-  
niversary meetings, which have been  
seasons of great enjoyment. First came  
the Newboys' Home, which has been  
in existence eight years, and has pro-  
vided shelter for 884 youths, many of  
whom were destitute and friendless.  
Nearly one-half of them have been sent  
to situations and put into a way of be-  
coming respectable citizens. The num-  
ber of the friends of the Home is hap-  
pily increasing, but there is room for  
improvement. Dr. Daniel Wilson, one  
of the professors of the University,  
takes much interest in the boys; indeed,  
the Home may almost be said to be the  
result of his benevolent labors.

Next came the Religious Tract So-  
ciety, at which Vice-Chancellor Blake  
delivered a most powerful address on  
"the pernicious literature of the day,"  
which deserves to be pondered by every  
lover of his country. Never were great-  
er efforts being made than now to spread  
poisonous and immoral books and pa-  
pers among the rising youth of our land,  
so that it truly behooves Christians to  
be wide-awake. The Society does a  
good work, particularly among the  
lumbermen and those engaged on the  
Welland Canal.

The Bible Society anniversary was  
the next in order, and was held the  
same evening as that of the Parent So-  
ciety is held in England. The president  
of the American Bible Society, Hon. W.  
H. Allen, LL.D., was the chief speaker,  
and from the reports that have reached  
us, he acquitted himself in a very credit-  
able manner. The "hard times" have  
no doubt affected the income of the so-  
ciety, but while the free contributions  
have fallen off, there has been an in-  
crease in the number of the copies of  
the Scriptures that have been circulat-  
ed.

The succeeding evenings of the week

were devoted to the Young Men's Chris-  
tian Association and the Evangelical  
Alliance, but our space forbids us to en-  
large, beyond stating that both meet-  
ings excited much interest, and the so-  
cieties are doing great good.

The season of the year reminds us  
that synods and conferences are now  
being held. The Presbyterian Church  
has been holding its synods preparatory  
to the meeting of the Assembly. At one  
of the former, a late Unitarian minister  
and a late Episcopal Methodist minis-  
ter were recommended to be received  
into the Presbyterian ministry. The  
Assembly will no doubt confirm the  
recommendation. Our Presbyterian  
friends are becoming a very influential  
body. The attention which they give  
to an educated ministry, and the efforts  
they put forth in the matter of stipend,  
are worthy of imitation by other bodies.

Two Conferences of the Episcopal  
Methodist Church have been held. The  
third and last will be held by the time  
this letter reaches your readers. You  
are probably aware that this denomina-  
tion originated at the time when the  
Methodist Church of Canada united  
with the British Conference. For sev-  
eral years its ministers labored in the  
midst of very great disadvantages, but  
of late its progress has been very mark-  
ed. They are amazingly enterprising.  
Their Bishop, Dr. Carman, though a  
man of feeble physical constitution, is  
almost ubiquitous, and sets an example  
of self-denying labor which, no doubt,  
has an effect on the whole Church. They  
are remarkable for enterprise in church  
building. Four years ago they had  
no existence in St. Thomas; now they  
have just held one of their Conferences  
there, and are making efforts to build a  
ladies' college in the same town, which  
bids fair for being successful. They  
have also commenced to erect a church  
at Chatham, to cost \$7,000, and yet they  
have not a single member in the town.  
They must surely build in faith. Their  
zeal is certainly commendable, but we  
would wish that our friends would en-  
tertain a more favorable view of the  
unification of the Methodism of Cana-  
da, as we fear the Master will soon be  
saying, "Wherefore this waste?"

May 7, 1877.

ONTARIO.

## Our Book Table.

Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. issue  
the third series of SHORT STUDIES ON  
GREAT SUBJECTS, by James Anthony  
Froude, M. A. It makes a duodecimo of 400  
pp. Price \$2.50. For sale in Boston by H.  
A. Young & Co. All but two of the nine  
articles were first published in English or  
American periodicals, and they are all well  
worthy of the permanent form which they  
now enjoy. These papers are all careful, and  
some of them exhaustive, discussions of their  
topics. We have read with especial interest  
the paper upon the Revival of Romanism.  
It is calm, fair and full of suggestive wis-  
dom, and is the best presentation, by far,  
that we have read, of the relation of Roman-  
ism to constitutional governments, and the  
present bearing of this semi-political Church  
towards modern civilization. Society in  
Italy in the Last Days of the Roman Repub-  
lic, Party Politics, and Leaves from a South  
African Journal, are papers of marked in-  
terest and value. The volume is a valuable  
addition to our best essay literature.

HOUSES WITH MEN AND BOOKS, by Wil-  
liam Matthews, LL.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs  
& Co. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.  
12mo, 284 pp. Price \$2. The great sale  
of books is not always a safe test of their in-  
trinsic value; but in the instance of Professor  
Matthews, we can heartily congratulate both  
him and his readers upon the extraordinary  
popularity which his books have enjoyed.  
The present volume consists of twenty-one  
short, vivaciously-written and instructive  
papers upon several noted authors, like De  
Quincey, Robert Southey, Spurgeon, and  
Judge Story, and vigorous essays upon lit-  
erary and social themes. The volume affords  
very entertaining and profitable reading,  
and will find its welcome already assured  
by its predecessors.

Dr. Daniel Wise sends out, to his ten thou-  
sand young readers, another of his capital  
books. It is published in a beautiful man-  
ner by Lee & Shepard, and is entitled BEN  
BLINKER; or, Maggie's Golden Motto, and  
What It Did for Her Brother. It opens with  
a particularly sad and shocking instance of  
intemperance at a wedding, and the conse-  
quences that ensued, and records the brave  
and successful struggles of a drunkard's fam-  
ily, and his own ultimate reformation. It is  
an impressive and wholesome story, and  
every boy that reads it will be disposed to  
sign anew the pledge, and every girl will be  
glad to never offer a wine-cup to her  
lover.

A very helpful book to those who have  
been rarely addressed from the press is the  
last volume from the pen of Dr. James Por-  
ter, published by Nelson & Phillips, and  
entitled HELPS TO OFFICIAL MEMBERS OF  
THE M. E. CHURCH, indicating their pow-  
ers, duties, and privileges, and suggesting  
sundry mistakes, methods, possibilities,  
etc. It is an excellent little manual, giving  
an answer to almost every conceivable ques-  
tion in reference to stewards, leaders and  
trustees, and their several duties. It should  
be placed in the hands of every official mem-  
ber of the Church.

THE BURNING OF THE CONVENT; A  
Narrative of the Destruction by a Mob, of the  
Ursuline Convent School on Mount Ben-  
edict, Charlestown, as remembered by one  
of the pupils. James B. Osgood & Co. 16mo,  
128 pp. This is a very graphic and enter-  
taining account of an event which occurred  
nearly a half century ago. Many of this  
generation will well recollect the excitement  
of the hour, when a body of Protestant men,  
inflamed by the stories freely circulated of  
a supposed Protestant girl detained in the  
Ursuline Convent without her consent, and  
by Maria Monk's story of her convent life,  
set fire to the edifice and burned it to the  
ground. Until a late day the unsightly re-  
mains have stood as a disagreeable monu-  
ment of an unpleasant event. One of the  
Protestant pupils in the Convent school, at  
the time, in a very lively manner, describes,  
in this entertaining little volume, her recol-  
lections of the memorable night, and gives a  
vivid picture of the school itself, and of the  
feelings and discussions of the hour in refer-  
ence to it. The book, now that the exas-  
peration of the day is passed, forms a very  
attractive theme for a short sketch, and  
is treated with much skill and success by  
the writer.

The same house issue, in their vest-pocket  
series, Ralph Waldo Emerson's essays upon

SUCCESS, GREATNESS AND IMMORTALITY,  
in one volume, and BOOKS, ART AND ELO-  
QUENCE in another.

Another of the exceedingly handy and  
useful manuals of the hour is THE EASTERN  
QUESTIONS: A Brief History of Russia, by  
Francis A. Shaw, with Maps. This also



THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1877.

We make a great mistake, when we distrust the depth of early religious convictions. We entirely misjudge the tender condition

We are inclined to the opinion that we exhaust our responsibility in reference to those holding views which we account to be not orthodox according to the standard of Holy Scripture, when we clearly and calmly set forth their divergence from the truth. It does not give force to the argument, in our judgment, to add personal denunciations, to question motives, to disparage honest efforts to do good, or to fail to notice the good that is accomplished. We believe in preaching a positive Gospel—preaching it frankly, as clearly and forcibly as possible, with all its solemn sanctions; and we have a confirmed conviction that truth is mightier than error, and will ultimately prevail. It could but be expected that the present great religious movement would awaken the old controversy between evangelized and unevangelical Christians. The fundamental views of man's spiritual condition, his need of a new birth and the means of securing it, are so different as held by these bodies, that it is impossible to preach earnestly the Gospel of the New Testament, as orthodox preachers interpret it, without awakening opposition. God helping us, we will continue earnestly to urge the Savior's solemn

Now this is what should be done in the instance of our gifted and godly women. They are, at times, called to the exercise not only of public but of ministerial gifts. Not many Sabbaths since, in a neighboring, important Church, the pastor was sick and out of town. Miss Willard, for the morning service, delivered one of her admirable and eminently Christian discourses. There was no minister of the other sex

tree, and the blow is struck at sin itself. Holiness is what is wanted and provided for, and "Be ye holy" is the ever-binding law. When, then, we recollect that God hath "chosen us that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love," and that He has "predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself," we know that He wants us to be like Christ, who is God's dear Son and our Elder Brother, "holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." More expressive, perhaps, is the statement that God has predestinated all believers, laying it down as a universal law for them, "to be conformed to the image of His Son,"

To row the galleys was considered, in a former epoch, the most wretched doom for a slave or a captive. No lot was deemed so painful and servile as that which chained a human being to a bench, in the darkness below decks, there to ply the oar with no respite save a scanty one for sleep and meals. But a freeman who feeds the furnace of an ocean steamer is hardly in better case than was his fellow-toiler and fellow-sufferer who rowed in the galleys two centuries ago. The freeman lives eight, twelve, sometimes even sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, in an atmosphere that singes the substance of his lungs. From the furnace mouth

in the future. If the bright fellows had no learned the hollowness of these speeches, false expectations would be excited by them. We have known lads from the House of Refuge go to the town as to their real interest in them, when they have been discharged from the institution. About the silliest and most gushing speech on such an occasion, that we ever knew of, was made, a little while since, at Deer Island, by Mr. Walter Smith, director of the State Normal Art School, in the presence of the Mayor of the city and the Governor of the State. The speaker spoke of the "nobility of the influence of exilement and divine charity." He spoke, knowing the character of the boys, it seems, simply, gushing and mushy rondo-montade. He declares to the boys that they are of the same class as their visitors, only a little better, if anything; "they are all tarred with the same stick!" that they are not at

At the market-men's meeting last week sixteen men professed to be converted. On Friday seventy declared that they had commenced the Christian life during the past two months in connection with this meeting. During the past week and the present, pastor L. B. Ester has charge of the meeting.

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The telegraph announces the close of the session of the Bishops in Cleveland, O., and adds only the following intelligence:—  
The Board of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church adjourned May 29th, having been in session eight days. The appointments of Bishops to Conferences, not being fully completed, will not be made until after the adjournment. Bishop Wiley was chosen to look after the Methodist mission in China and Japan. He will sail for the former country about the first of September, from San Francisco. All the Bishops, except Ames and Harris, left this evening for Cincinnati to take part in the annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is held there annually. The committee authorized by the last General Conference to revise the hymn book of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has completed its work, and the text of the new volume has been thoroughly examined and warmly approved by the Bishops. About four hundred of the old hymns have been expunged, and their places filled by specimens of old and modern hymnology.

Hon. Frank B. Fay, who has been from the first one of the most efficient officers of the Society for the Relief of Cruelty to Animals, as well as its able secretary, retires upon the first of next month. His impaired health, and the demands of his personal business, render this course imperative. It is a serious loss to a valuable association, which, during the ten years of its existence, has accomplished a benign service for those who cannot speak for themselves, and also for the public in matters pertaining to the care and condition of animals destined for food. Mr. Fay has worked heartily and intelligently, and has succeeded, happily, in carrying the public mind in the support of the Society for the Relief of Cruelty to Animals. He is to be succeeded by Mr. Abraham Firth, one well adapted by qualities of heart and taste for the position. The office of the Society is removed to 99 Tremont St.

We have received a remarkably well-written and very pathetic letter from Mrs. Mary L. Foster, of Smithville, Tenn. Her husband was an officer in the Union army, in the late war. As a Union man, at the South, all his property was stripped from him. He is now a paralytic, and with his wife and nine children is in a very difficult condition of want and actual suffering. Mrs. Foster has been a member of the Methodist Church for twenty years, and is evidently a lady of much cultivation. The clerk of the county court and the postmaster of the town vouch for their character and their need of assistance. Should any heart be moved in response to the going up to heaven as into human ears, aid can be sent to the above address.

The North American Review for May—June is almost as popular in its topics and their treatment as the monthlies with which it is competing for a patronage. It has its solid literature also—its political and financial papers. Senator Morton occupies the subject of presidential elections; Karl Blind gives a sad chapter of revelations of European diplomacy; Bryant writes gracefully upon Abraham Lincoln; Lawrence Oliphant has an illustrated article upon the African explorers; Thomas H. Clouston writes the philosophical paper upon Soul and Substance; Eliza Wright has a characteristic and strong résumé of the Relation of Debt and Money; the editor gives a pleasantly written essay upon Paine; James Freeman Clark writes appreciatively, but critically, of Harriet Martineau. The May number of the North American Review is up to the average of the best periodical criticisms of this character.

[We find the following in the *Daily Advertiser*, and are glad to give it further currency. May the responses far exceed the modest request!—ED. HERALD.]  
"The attention of some of the authorities of Boston University having been called to the number of young women already studying in the college of liberal arts, and to the desirableness of securing to them, as also to the other members of the college, the influence of nature and cultivated woman, as instructors, assurances have been received that the trustees are disposed to appoint a woman to a professorial position, and to make for the endowment such a provision as is also understood that all members of the faculty are in sympathy with the proposition and ready to welcome such a change. The importance of this opportunity must be apparent to all friends of the highest education of women. It appears as strongly to those who believe that young ladies, during no portion of their education, should be deprived of womanly counsel and care, as to those who merely ask for women ever new and more influential positions in society. Hoping that some of our readers who there may be some person who, under the circumstances, will esteem it a privilege to endow the first professorship for women at Boston University, the executive committee of the Massachusetts Society for the University Education of Women venture to ask you to insert this note. Any parties inclined personally to consider the proposition, and any friends who are desirous of being helpful to us in securing the desired endowment, are invited to address 'The Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Society for the University Education of Women,' care of Rev. Hannah E. Stevenson, secretary, 32 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass."

The Russo-Turkish war gathers volume as the weeks go on. A very serious revolutionary movement of the Sofia occurred last week, in Constantinople, looking to a change in the administration. Nearly all the provinces of Turkey in Europe are now holding a pronounced belligerent attitude. The Turkish army on the Danube simply strengthens its positions while the Russian army is constantly gathering strength and supplies along the northern bank, awaiting the favorable hour for a formidable advance. Meanwhile, severe fighting is going on in Asia Minor. Some of the objective movements of the Russian army seem to be unsuccessful, as the bombardment of Kars, for instance, but the real object may, nevertheless, be all the time, being secured. The latest intimations were that the Turkish commander had been overthrown, his line of supplies threatened, and his army forced to fall back behind Erzerum. The coming week promises to be one of serious moment on both sides of Constantinople.

The corner-stone of the People's M. E. Church, Columbus Avenue and Berkeley Street, was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, last Monday, by Dr. Sherman. Addresses were delivered by Drs. Mallin and J. M. Manning, Rev. J. B. Dunn and Philip Brooks, and the devotional services were participated in by Rev. Messrs. Pentecost, Meredith, and Studley. Mr. Moody aided in the interesting occasion, and Dr. Tourjée led the singing.

The ninth annual report of the Rhode Island Temperance Union, contains an excellent and encouraging statement of its active labors and results from the corresponding secretary, Rev. H. W. Conant, with an account of the annual meeting, and the admirable papers read on the occasion, which are given in full. It makes an excellent and valuable temperance tract.

We had a short and pleasant call, at the office, from Rev. William Tweedie, the Wesleyan preacher at St. Andrews, opposite Calais, Me. The late serious fire in the town, fortunately did not reach their beautiful church which has once been a victim of the flames.

Mr. Savage preached a sermon of an hour, last Sabbath evening, in the Music Hall course, in answer to the simple Biblical question, What must I do to be saved? He gave his own, not Paul's, answer, which is no improvement on Inspiration. He first showed that we have no authoritative answer to the question; that there is really no occasion for being saved, as man is not in a bad condition; that God, and his angels, are very much outraged with the Presbyterian articles of faith; that God has no wrath against sin; that there is no such thing as probation; that Edward Everett Hale's Gospel, according to Henry Wadsworth, is the final utterance of liberal religion; that the city of Boston on its account; men are saved when they are saved, and there is no such thing as a traditional heaven. This exercise closed with rounds of applause. As for us, and our house, we still accept the simple, New Testament process of salvation, the Christian race as set forth by Paul, and the heaven that John saw.

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE, TILTON, N. H.—Fall term commences Aug. 23d, 1877, under a re-organized Faculty, and with a new department. The Classical department will be under the supervision of Prof. J. K. Shaffer, A. M., who has been a teacher in the University of the South, and is now at the head of the Mathematical and Natural Science departments. Miss Ella J. Barrows, now Mrs. Shaffer, will have charge of the Musical department. Commercial and Normal departments will be added. A former teacher in this school, returns to the faculty. The President will fill the new Ladd professorship, and will devote full attention to the culture of the whole school in secular refinement, and all that makes up domestic, secular, and Christian character, and will give more extended instruction in Biblical learning to those having in view the ministry. With new boarding-house arrangements, it is hoped to make the school more social and homelike than it ever has been. Board and tuition as reasonable as in any first-class school of the State.

The two great Presbyterian Assemblies are now in session, the Northern in Chicago, under Dr. James Ellis of California, as moderator, and the Southern in New Orleans, under Dr. C. A. Stillman. What will be the fate of the fraternal resolutions of the previous Assemblies remains to be seen. Some differences of interpretation, on the part of the Southern brethren, have already awakened anxiety. As we are moving on somewhat parallel lines, we feel a common interest and solicitude in the result. If the great religious bodies, North and South, could come together in hearty love, and lay hold, in common prayer and labor, of the social, educational and religious interests of all classes, the Southern problem could be soon and happily settled.

The telegraph announces the marriage, by her father, Dr. Barrows, President of Tilton Seminary, at their present home in Plymouth, N. H., of Miss Ella Josephine Barrows, to Prof. J. K. Shaffer, of Harrisburg, Pa., late of Fort Edward Seminary, N. Y., now principal of Tilton Conference Seminary. We heartily congratulate the Professor, and if we knew him as well as we do his chosen companion for life, we should doubtless be heartily congratulating his accomplished wife. A new and beautiful Christian home is thus established; and the world, as well as the happy young people, will be all the better for it.

At a late meeting of New York Baptist clergymen, as reported by an exchange, an interesting discussion upon Pulpit Preparation, one brother, with an amusing tendency to his denominational fondness for water, related that his personal habits in the preparation of his Sabbath addresses. He said that his process was to select a topic, and then to read it, and then to go down on the other side and all around it and under it, and then try and go through it. "If it is so hard," said he, "that I can't go through it, I drop it and put it to rest. I tell you I've found a good many hard topics. I have had some of them soak for five or six years, and they're not soft enough yet for me to go through them."

Potter's American Monthly Illustrated Magazine for June has its usual interesting and instructive table of contents. Its first paper is specially attractive, being an illustrated record of the Moravians, and their settlement at Bethlehem, Pa., during the Revolution. Dr. Blackwood has a valuable paper upon Norman Ecclesiastical Architecture. The Fair Patriot of the Revolution is continued, and the whole large-page monthly, of 96 pages, is filled with attractive miscellany. John E. Potter & Co., publishers, Phil. Pa.

Rev. C. W. Miller, writing from Brooklyn, New York, says in a private note: "We are all well and very pleasantly situated. Our people gave us a magnificent reception, and their attentions have been so kind and constant that we have not been homesick for single moment. The anniversary of the Sunday-schools of the city was delightful, and the display is said to have been the largest and finest ever made. We have 721 scholars in our own school, the third in respect to numbers, of the Methodist school in the city. Only the schools of the Hanson Place and St. John's Churches lead us."

Miss E. S. Chadbourne was the recipient of a pleasant testimonial entertainment on the part of her friends, at Wesleyan Hall last Thursday evening. The audience was small, owing to unfavorable weather, but a goodly number gathered and listened with great interest to the choice and well-selected readings by Miss Chadbourne, and to musical renderings by Messrs. Stockwell and Allen and Miss Jessie Merrill.

Mr. George F. Kimball very generously arranged recently an entertainment for the citizens of Newton, for the benefit of the Girls' Home. The exercises consisted of recitations and music. We listened with pleasure to Mr. Kimball's rendering of burlesque and patriotic pieces. He seems to develop quite a genius in the delineation of character, and his efforts are a marked success. We are not surprised to learn that his services are in constant request.

We write to warn our academic institutions of the possible trouble they may bring upon their *professors* in the bestowment of unusual honors. The lecture of Dr. Tourjée, in Auburn, was assailed very early in the morning, the other day, in a peremptory way. To the servant girl's response to the bell, a gentleman with evident anguish in both his face and voice, demanded the immediate services of the "Doctor." He is still absent, was the answer. "Call him up at once, then. I want a tooth pulled. I can't stand it any longer." "But," said the girl, "he isn't here." "I don't care what kind of a doctor he is. I can't stand this toothache a moment longer. Call him up." It was with no little difficulty that the final ring of the weary leader of the great Tabernacle choir, the honored musical Doctor, was preserved from the intrusion of the victim of the toothache.

The Social Union held its usual monthly gathering, on the 21st, President Dr. Tourjée in the chair. Devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Brother Alton, of North Carolina. The dinner was pleasantly and generously discussed. The discussion upon the Catholic question was fresh, animated, and suggestive, and certain denominational interests were considered by Rev. Dr. Twombly of Malabar, Rev. J. W. Hamilton, and Dr. Packard. It was altogether an interesting and profitable evening.

President, Dr. Cyrus D. Foss, of Middle-town, preached the annual sermon for the Massachusetts branch of the Bible Society, in Park Street church, on the 21st. There was a large congregation who listened with close attention and great gratification to his admirable discourse. It was one of his best efforts, solid, rich and eloquent.

NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.  
MASSACHUSETTS.  
AID OF FEMALE CHURCHES.  
The new organization of the New England Conference, for the object named in the title, is now fairly before us, and applies, with modifications, to the work in other sections. Of course such an effort is at best tentative, and yet so necessary as to call for the co-operation of every interested party. The plan, as voted in the Conference, called for an assessment of one per cent on the net salaries of every member of the Conference who receives seven hundred dollars above rent. In most sections of the Church the house-rent is not reported in the Minutes, more than would be the fuel, and perhaps not always be here. The amount of the salary, would be nearly \$1,000, if all pay one per cent, and but little less if none pay that named in the Conference proposition. It is but a fair assumption that each Church will be willing to pay as much as its pastor to this fund, giving at once a fund of from \$2,500 to \$4,000, source of much help to the churches. Let us hope that the month of May will see the movement fairly inaugurated. Each preacher can this quarter pay one-fourth the amount due from him, on the basis of last year's salary on his charge, and adjust the sum in later months if it be incorrect. N.

Alston.—The Boston Journal says:—"The Methodist Alliance have almost completed a new and very neat and convenient church. It is situated on the corner of Harvard and Farrington Avenues, and is 72x40; the main auditorium will seat 400 persons and the vestry 200. The cost of the building completed will be \$16,000. The expenditures already made amount to \$14,000, and the additional \$2,000 was subscribed when the vestry was dedicated. The services of dedication were interesting and well attended. The first service was held in the afternoon of Friday last. It began with reading of the Scriptures by Rev. F. E. Tower, Baptist, of Alston. Prayer was offered by Rev. H. A. Stevens, Congregationalist, and the second hymn was read by Rev. Mr. Ames of Cambridgeport. An eloquent discourse was then delivered by Rev. A. B. Kendig on the character of the Church as indicated by its fruits. At 6 o'clock a collection was served, and an hour later a praise-meeting led by Dr. Eben Tourjée was held. At 7:30 a service began in which, in addition to the usual devotional exercises, short addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Ames, Dr. Tourjée, Rev. W. E. Huntington of Cambridge, and Rev. Mr. Ames of Cambridgeport. An eloquent discourse was then delivered by Rev. A. B. Kendig on the character of the Church as indicated by its fruits. At 6 o'clock a collection was served, and an hour later a praise-meeting led by Dr. Eben Tourjée was held. At 7:30 a service began in which, in addition to the usual devotional exercises, short addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Ames, Dr. Tourjée, Rev. W. E. Huntington of Cambridge, and Rev. Mr. Ames of Cambridgeport. An eloquent discourse was then delivered by Rev. A. B. Kendig on the character of the Church as indicated by its fruits. At 6 o'clock a collection was served, and an hour later a praise-meeting led by Dr. Eben Tourjée was held. At 7:30 a service began in which, in addition to the usual devotional exercises, short addresses were made by Rev. 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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter.

Sunday, June 10.

Lesson XI. Hosea xiv. 1-9.

BY REV. W. B. HUNTINGTON.

## THE PROMISE OF REVIVAL.

The period of the prophecies of Hosea may be included between the dates B. C. 784-724, covered by the reigns of Jeroboam (his last two years), Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz and Hezekiah (his first two years). He fell upon an evil time in Israel, and his prophecies are tinged with the sombre coloring of his nation's dark day.

The nation was suffering under the evils of that schism which was effected by Jeroboam, the son of Nebat. Peace and prosperity fled the land, which was harassed by foreign invasion and domestic broils; might and murder became the twin sentinels of the throne; captivity and insult were heaped upon Israel by the uncrowned king; the nation was thoroughly debased.

Another, and a more poignant grief than that caused by national sin, entered into the prophet's heart, to add a plaintive strain to all his song. In early manhood he married a woman who had fallen into the vice which surrounded her. "He had loved her with a tender love; she had borne him two sons and a daughter; she had then deserted him, wandered from her home, fallen again into wild licentiousness, and been carried off as a slave. From this wretched state, with all the tenderness of his nature, he bought her, and gave her more chance of recovery." Her sin against him was to Hosea a symbol of Israel's sin against God, and through his domestic sorrow he could enter into the grief of the Infinite Heart over His fallen people. The prophet's utterances, as Dr. Pusey fittingly describes them, come "as though each sentence burst with a groan from his heart, and he had anew to take breath, before he uttered each repeated word. Each verse forms a whole, for itself, like one heavy toll in a funeral knell."

Each, in imitative style, describes the prophet thus: "His discourse is like a garden woven of a multiplicity of flowers; images are woven upon images, comparison wound upon comparison, metaphor strung upon metaphor. He plucks a flower, and throws it down that he may directly break off another. Like a bee he flies from one flower bed to another, that he may suck his honey from the most varied places."

O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God! They had left Jehovah for idols; neglected His Decalogue and turned to graven images; forgotten Sinai and the deliverance from Egypt, and were listening to the sordid voices of idolatrous nations. Now they must repent of their backsliding, or they could not find God. When a traveler has taken the wrong path, he must retrace his steps back to the point of divergence, then turn into the way that leads to his destination. Whatever the sin, either of omission or commission, that particular transgression that turned the soul from God must be renounced.

Thou hast fallen by thine iniquity. Every sin degrades. It is a loss of strength, a cause of shame, a spot upon the soul. Guilt paralyzes; and paralysis is prostration for body or soul. If a child falls in learning to walk, it falls by the trip of the toe, with no loss of vigor; and full of elasticity, it rises again, gaining strength by falling and rising. Sin is not illustrated by such falling. Guilt is like a sharp stroke that benumbs while it casts down.

Take with you words. Unless the sacrifices upon your altars are full of the language of your hearts, they mean nothing. Confession is what God requires of the guilty. "Words" that carry the thoughts of penitence and faith are the only fit offering to the Saviour. A prayer is better than any visible sacrifice. Hosea, in this exhortation, hints at the coming dispensation of repentance and faith which the order of the wilderness heralded.

Take away all iniquity and receive us graciously. The prophet puts this prayer upon their lips. "All" goes down to the deepest, darkest, deadliest sin of the soul. The meaning of the forgiveness of God is measured only by the scope of "all" guilt. No iniquity lies below the foundation of the Cross. No matter what the sin may be that rests like an ink stain upon the conscience, if the crystalline tear of penitence falls upon it, then the water of the "Fountain" opened in David's house, will wash away all blackness, and cure the pain that went deeper than the spot. God receives at the moment He forgives. Men forgive sometimes and let the forgiven one severely alone. God forgives with arms thrown wide to receive the prodigal. Forgiveness means a warm greeting, an open door, a feast, a life of boundless joy in the Father's presence.

So will we render the calves of our lips—or "we may offer our lips as bullocks;" or, "we will repay as young oxen our lips." "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" was as true in the days of Hosea as in the time of Paul.

Asshur shall not save us. Assyria, the great empire, with which Israel had sought alliance, is not the Saviour. Hosea puts the renunciation of Assyria as a helper, into the prayer of penitence.

We will not ride upon horses. Egypt had been the land of horses; and as Israel had traded with that nation for the prophet thus symbolizes Egypt instead of using the name.

Neither will we say, "we are our gods"—a third renunciation—idolatry. Hosea saw the need of this threefold confession. And the source of greatest

corruption was the last named. Bethel and Dan were not other Jerusalems, where the Jehovah-worship was celebrated, but centres of corruption and infidelity. God cannot be seen through an idol—whether it be a golden calf, or any other glittering thing which human hands have set up to steal away the reverence and affection due unto God.

For in thee the fatherless findeth mercy. No orphans in God's kingdom. He shelters every roofless head, and teaches all returning wanderers to call Him Father.

I will heal their backsliding, etc. This comes in like the antiphony to the prayer just finished, and is the answer which Hosea knows God would give to such a penitential offering.

For mine anger is turned away. Sin ceases with genuine repentance, and God is angry only with men's sins.

I will be as the dew unto Israel. The nation, in the figure of a withered, fanning plant, will, if it repents, feel God's grace descend like dew to revive its shriveled life.

He shall grow as the lily—a plant of bulbous roots, which contain a large store of nutrient juices; so that when the leaf and blossom are put forth, they develop with great rapidity and vigor.

The fragrant white lily, which is very common in Palestine, and grows without cultivation, is unsurpassed in fecundity, often producing fifty bulbs from a single root" (Kell).

Cast forth his roots like Lebanon. Two meanings may be attached to this simile. He shall be like the mountain itself whose eternal foundations are like solid roots; or, like the forests of Lebanon cedars which strike their roots into the grand mountain slopes.

His branches shall spread. Israel shall, under such conditions of divine favor, prosper and be multiplied. Rooted in God, human life must be fruitful and growthful. His truth and life are necessary to the development of His moral creatures. Atheism is Sahara soil which withers and parches the souls which plant themselves in it; and all kinds of infidelity and idolatry are without power to send the race upward, branching out in every possibility towards God.

Spiritual growth consists most in the growth of the root which is out of sight (Henry).

His beauty shall be as the olive tree, etc.—an evergreen tree, whose beauty does not fade with the waning year. A good man's true adornment, and the beauty of every true woman—unsullied goodness—is of the same perennial type. There is also a fragrance in a noble life, like the spicy aroma that fills the mountain summits where the evergreens grow. Reputation, the delicious odor of a good name, breathes with wonderful refreshment through the dead levels of society.

They that dwell under His shadow, etc. Israel is now spoken of as the tree, and the people of the nation as enjoying the shelter and comfort of a flourishing national life. They shall be restored; they shall produce corn; they shall blossom as the vine whose remembrance, or renown, is like the wine of Lebanon—known for its excellence by all generations.

Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols? The better rendering is to make Ephraim a vocative. God addresses Israel by naming its chief tribe—"shall say" being omitted.

From Me is thy fruit found. God is the giver of every good and perfect gift. Idols give nothing in answer to the fat sacrifices offered them; God showers upon His children loving-kindnesses, as a tree drops from its loaded branches the ripened fruit.

Who is wise . . . prudent? True wisdom seeks to know God first, and other knowledge in order. The really prudent man looks out for his soul and its destiny.

The just shall walk . . . but the transgressors shall fall. "In the ways of the Lord"—in His commands, which are right—the just are constantly progressing. A thoroughly consecrated Christian finds no stumbling-blocks in the pathway of Christian duty. If a man will walk in the path of the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount, he finds every rock of offense ground to powder. But the transgressor stumbles at every step, because he walks across the "narrow way" with its hedges and limits, and constantly trips and falls prostrate over some irreparable moral bulwark.

## ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Bible Lesson Series, June 10.

1. Give the period, characteristics and work of the prophet Hosea.
2. What is the burden of his message to Israel?
3. How did Israel fall?
4. Why are "words" the best offering to the Lord?
5. What does God promise to the penitent backslider?
6. To what does Hosea compare restored Israel?

## ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN?

BY REV. S. CUSHING.

A Christian is one not only born in a Christian land, and so nominally such, but who also believes in Jesus Christ. He credits the facts recorded of Him—His works, His conversations and life; believes historically, as in any well-authenticated historical character. He also believes Him to be the only mediator

between God and man, and to possess every qualification for this office. He accepts Him as the teacher sent from God, and His teachings as divine truth. He also relies on His sacrificial offering for sin—the propitiation for the sins of the whole world.

Such a believer may be called an intellectual Christian, holding the true theory of Christian truth; but a Christian in the sense of a follower or disciple of Christ, is not one outwardly merely, but in heart, in spirit, and not in the letter only.

He trusts in Him as a personal Saviour, for the forgiveness of sins—can call Him my Saviour; as if he were the only sinner and Christ died for him. He can say, Jesus loved me and gave Himself for me.

He has also a love for Him stronger than natural affection and stronger than love of life; so that, if required, both would be surrendered rather than that he should forsake the Saviour.

He also follows the example of Christ. He is like Him—meek, lowly, loving and holy. He walks as He walked. He gladly obeys the commands of Christ, in self-denial, prayer, benevolence. He possesses the spirit of Christ, enlightening his darkness, strengthening his weakness, and giving him peace and love and joy, producing an inward conformity to His image and likeness, and outward conformity to His requirements.

Such a one is a Christian in heart and in life. He is blessed and a blessing; a light shining in darkness, holding forth the Word of Life in a holy example; living not for himself but for Him who died for him and rose again; living to show the way and lead others to the Saviour.

Reader are you such a Christian? It is your duty to be one. It is not optional, but a matter of obligation, most solemn and weighty, to God, your Maker and Proprietor; to your Redeemer—He died for you, what have you done for Him? to yourself, in order to your highest mental and moral excellence; to mankind, to promote the greatest good of the world. Do you recognize this obligation? Look forward to the close of life. Will you leave your children and friends without your record of a Christian life? How will your obligation then impress you? You look up to God—can you rejoice in the thought of entering His presence without a holy heart? You think of Christ, but shall he be as a neglected Saviour? You look into the future—shall it be with a consciousness that the seed time is past and no harvest gathered, no treasure laid up in heaven?

How weighty your obligation to be a Christian! Consider it well. Be not only almost persuaded, but resolved now, in the fear of God and by His grace, to be altogether a Christian, in heart and life, in spirit and practice. Come to the Saviour, make no delay, and give Him your heart. He says, "I will give you rest." "Learn of Me—and ye shall find rest to your souls."

## The Family.

## THE SPIRAL STAIRWAY.

BY ANNIE ARMSTRONG.

Round and round a spiral stairway  
Winds its ever upward path,  
To the summit of a tower—  
Little room of light it hath;  
And the pilgrim as he enters  
And begins to climb the stair,  
Can see nothing but the darkness  
Stretching about him everywhere.

But he finds, as he advances,  
That a single narrow beam  
Through the wall is softly admitted,  
Which sends o'er his path a gleam.  
And he thus climbs slowly upward,  
Till at length he stands on high  
With the earth far, far below him,  
And around him but the sky.

Can we not while we are working  
With the moments to us given,  
Make our lives a spiral stairway  
Leading upward unto heaven?  
Not by strides of giant daring,  
Just one footstep at a time;  
And our every trial, even,  
May be steps by which we climb.

If we conquer each temptation  
Every day as it appears,  
Asking help for every moment,  
Not for all the future years;  
And the light, though first a glimmer,  
Will grow brighter all the way,  
Till at last our winding stairway  
Leads unto the perfect day.

## A REMINISCENCE.

BY REV. JOHN LIVESLEY.

Not infrequently, the tedium of the regular routine business of an Annual Conference is relieved by incidents, amusing or otherwise, which, not being in the programme, introduce a new and unanticipated class of emotions, and serve to give zest and enjoyableness to these gatherings. This was pre-eminently the case during the session of the New England Conference, which was held in Webster, Mass., in 1834. Some of the older members of that Conference will well remember the scene which I will try to describe.

I was then a boy of fourteen, residing with my parents in that place, and was deeply interested in the Conference, whose advent was a momentous event to the Church, and to the people of the cluster of small villages which have since spread out into the almost unbroken town of Webster.

Bishop Hedding, whose stately form so admirably filled the chair, presided. The examination of the characters of the preachers was in progress, and the name of Caleb D. Rogers had been called. The Presiding Elder responded, as usual, in this case: "Nothing against Brother Rogers." Now, a

more saintly man, or one who spent more time in secret prayer, or one whose character and life were in every respect more irreproachable, did not belong to the Conference, than Caleb D. Rogers. I well remember his visits at my father's house, when he was our circuit preacher. Scarcely were the compliments of the day exchanged before he would seek the well-known chamber where he was wont to lodge, for purposes of devotion; and whence would soon be heard the subdued tones of his voice as he pleaded with God for His blessing.

Intellectually, he could not vie with the Fisks, the Merritts, the Merriams, and others of the giants of the Conference; but in personal consecration to his work, in profound communion with, and mighty faith in, God, he ranked with the best of them all. Timid, diffident, and sensitive to a fault, he was constitutionally inclined to shrink from notoriety; and was even almost unfitted, save by the abundant endowments of grace, to breast the roughnesses and difficulties of the itinerancy.

No wonder, then, that when the sharp voice of one of his brethren arrested his case, and was heard to urge that there was objection to the passage of Brother Rogers' character, the room was instantly hushed into painful stillness, every ear was attuned to hear, while every countenance, from the Bishop's down, betrayed the mingled astonishment and solicitude which each heart felt, at the unexpected and startling announcement.

The brother proceeded to charge that Brother R. had been guilty of unbrotherly conduct, akin to slander and defamation of character, and stated, that, in an unpublished poem which in some way had fallen into unfriendly hands, he had inadvertently in an unbrotherly manner upon the peculiarities of many of his brethren in the Conference, thereby keenly wounding their feelings, and inflaming the prejudices of the people against them, and thus interfering with their acceptability and usefulness.

During this statement of grievance, the poor culprit, trembling from head to foot, with face alternately blanched and blazing, sank down in his pew almost out of sight, as though seeking some subterranean escape from observation, and from some awful and merited doom; and during the debate which ensued (in which he uttered no word of self-defense), he presented a most pitiable aspect. The discussion, which was a spicy one, and well displayed the ruling dispositions of its participants, elicited the following facts: Brother Rogers was something of a rhymer, and was given to expressing his various emotions in verse. During convalescence from a recent illness, he had been moved, by the example of Rev. Joshua Marsden's verses on the English Wesleyan Conference into verse; and had innocently amused his lonely hours in producing the poem (?) complained of, not dreaming that it would ever pass into other hands, or that it could possibly be construed into an instrument of harm either to his brethren or to himself.

But, contrary to his intention and expectation, it had passed out of his hands; and some brother, either in the spirit of mischief or of fun, had been giving currency to some of its sharp hits, very much to the annoyance of some of the persons so keenly limned, and had thus produced quite a commotion among some of the brotherhood. Some condemned, in unmeasured terms, the piece and its author, and demanded that he be summoned to the bar of the Conference, to confess his fault and sue for forgiveness, as the condition of the passage of his character. Others took a more favorable view of the case, and plead in his behalf, his excellences as a man and a Christian; that he could not be supposed to have intended any harm, and that, at the worst, the transaction was but an error of judgment; that if any one was to blame, it was the person who had, without the author's consent, given publicity to the piece, etc., etc. At last, Father Taylor (then in his prime) arose, and with folded arms commenced one of his inimitable speeches, in which sympathy with the mortified subjects of his pen profiles, convulsed the house, and compelled even the President to forget his staid dignity, and, with shaking sides, to yield to the irresistible sarcasm and wit which flashed and cut in every sentence. Then, congratulating the Conference that, in addition to other glories which they possessed they could now boast a native poet, he warned them to "lay no violent hands on the budding genius which they ought rather to cherish and foster," and closed his incomparable speech with the shout, while he waved his hand high above his head, "Long live the poet Rogers!" The Conference roared with applause and laughter which required time to subside. The victory was won, and the character of Caleb D. Rogers passed without further objection.

The active participants in this scene have nearly all passed to their reward. Hedding, Rogers, Taylor, Tracy, Griffin, with most of those whose names occur in the poem, are now before the Throne. It is believed that its publication can now do no harm, but will be acceptable to any who still survive.

In this confidence I furnish the following copy:—  
Come, brethren, come!—I'll speak to you here  
Of what takes place from year to year;  
And while I speak I hope to be  
From sinful prejudice kept free.

We Methodists have peace within;  
We wish for victory over sin;  
And if we do, we ought to be  
United, and in harmony.

Instead of this, all men may see,  
That Satan aims at victory.  
His children see the Church at war;  
And this is what they are fighting for:

Some, men of learning do require,  
And some for the men that have most fire;  
Some, for the men that never blunder,  
And some, for the men that storm and thunder.

Some say that Merrill has great talents,  
But wants more grace his gifts to balance;  
And Blake's all noise; and will persist  
That Merrill is a formalist.

Some fix their eye on Asa Kent,—  
Him, or they will not be content;  
But each light heart will trouble be  
When they the rod of iron see!

Our brother Fisk has been to college—  
But some cry out, "Tis all head knowledge!"  
Others, "By all means send us him,  
For he will great attention win!"

We wish for him, for he can speak  
The Latin, Hebrew, and the Greek;  
We know that he will never dread  
Among the priests to raise his head."

Friend Dorchester is slow of speech;  
Hard work it is for him to preach;  
And great John Hardy's sovereign away  
Will never suit the present day."

Bonny, 'tis said, is shrewd in speech,  
And has a happy gift to preach;  
But some he finds within the fold,  
Who dare to say, "The bread is old!"

In exhortation, Nathan Paine  
Does earnest approbation gain;  
But though we think him a divine,  
He as a preacher cannot shine.

Some say that Noble preaches well,  
And in the pulpit does excel;  
"I should delight to hear," they say,  
"If Noble did not preach all day."

Some say that none their wants can meet,  
Unless they have Abijah Wheat;  
But they will soon begin to dream  
He has the bump of self-esteem;

He thinks his sermons are complete,  
And every part is full of wheat!  
He speaks of them, and brings to view,  
A great, straight I, but little u.

Merritt is one that has great fame;  
Yet he is old Hibernia's name;  
So Johnny on our Yankee ground,  
Few days of quietude has found.

I hear them say of Otis, too,  
That he for them will never do;  
His frame is ponderous, and will be  
The cause of inactivity.

Lummis won't do!—he cannot eat  
Aught but the finest of wheat;  
His table spread must always be  
With every kind of luxury.

The forwardness of bold La Roy,  
The minds of some does most annoy;  
For, if requested, he would be  
Afraid to trace his J—d—ee.

Griffin, in stature's short and small,  
But in his voice outdoes them all;  
He forward moves his abject foot,  
Lest they his talents should overlook!

But some express their latent fears,  
That he has words, but few ideas;  
Others exclaim, as would a friend,  
That he is like a bag of wind.

Some brethren never can embrace  
A cold and stolid Winton Case;  
His preaching suits the critic's head,  
But simple lambs are seldom fazed.

Some raise their hands for Edward Taylor,  
But find the bland, eccentric sailor;  
Some blush, some laugh, and others say,  
"A way with such vulgarity!"

Bates is a man we would not refuse,  
But he's a man we would not choose,  
For he is time and tongue devotes  
To everlasting anecdotes.

With Jacob Sanborn fault is found,  
Though grace in him does much abound;  
Some say 'tis pride, and some, that his  
An overstrained politeness is.

Some find it hard for them to see  
The intrinsic worth of Abram D.;  
Sarcasm, and want of learning, too,  
His usefulness somewhat undo.

Censorious minds would bring to view  
The fallings of Bartholomew;  
His hands and garments look the same  
As if he from the drawer came;

And some have thought that he was proud,  
And thought so hard they thought out loud.  
But by acquaintance they will find  
In him a meek and humble mind.

Rogers, an ignorant, clownish man,  
Reside him here we never can;  
We cannot speak in his defense,  
For he has scarcely common sense;

If you send him to preach to us,  
He to the Church will prove a curse;  
Deranged, or something worse, we fear,  
Oh! save the Church—don't send him here!

## THE SUGAR FAN, OR TAKING A BRIBE.

BY MARY MORRISON.

Fanny Webster lived in New York. She was eight years old, and one of the dearest, sweetest little bobbins that ever you laid eyes upon. Her eyes were as blue—as yours, perhaps, and her cheeks like two peaches for roseness. She had a beautiful wax doll, one of the prettiest there were at the Exhibition at Philadelphia, and then she had a hole for a play-house. Nearly all the girls liked Fanny, and you would have liked her, too, but she had one fault that made her no end of trouble—she did not always obey her mother. Being good and sweet in all her ways but that, makes me think of a man who said he had a beautiful watch, but it didn't keep good time!

Fanny went to a Kindergarten four or five blocks from her father's house. One morning, just after the holidays, she was getting ready to go, and her mother was fastening an elastic upon her chinilla cap.

"Mamma," said Fanny, "please let me wear my bracelets that Aunt May gave me, and carry my new muff, won't you? None of the girls have seen them."

"I don't like to have you wear such things to school, Fanny," her mother

said; "but you may, just to-day, as they were Christmas gifts."  
So she fastened on the bright gold bands with their little turquoise gems, and gave her her new muff lined with blue silk.

Fanny fairly danced. "Good-by, mamma," she cried. "Good-by! I'm so glad you let me wear them, I must kiss you three times three."

"And now, darling," said her mamma, "don't stop on the way to school to look at anything or talk to anybody."

"No, mamma, no!" "Little blue, go blow your horn," she sang, and flew down the stairs like a bird.

Between the Kindergarten and Fanny's home was a candy store. When she came to it, she glanced toward the window and saw something she had never seen there before—a sugar house with windows of isinglass, and a garden in front, with fountains of spun sugar. She forgot all about her promise not to stop, and when she saw the door of the sugar house open, and a little sugar boy stand taking off his hat to her, her delight was unbounded.

"Oh, if mamma would only buy me that!" she said aloud.

An old woman with a red cloak and brown hood had been standing by the child all the time, but she did not know it, until she spoke.

"And indeed, honey, your mamma should buy you the pretty house. If you was my little girl, with your sweet blue eyes and pretty curls, you should have it this minute."

Fanny did not quite like the woman's look, and moved away a little.

"Come in with me and see the other side of it," said the woman.

"No," said Fanny, "mamma would not like it."

"Pretty red cheeks, what you 'fraid of me for? Do you see those pretty sugar fans? Come round the corner with me, and we'll go in the back door and get one. I know the man, and he'll give it to me without a cent. Come on, dear, you needn't be afraid of me. Bless me, I've got six as pretty grand-children as you, at home. Are you 'fraid of your mamma? Bless your good little heart, she'll never know. We won't be but a minute, and supposin' she did know, where's the harm? Would she be grudin' you just a pretty bit of a fan? Here, take my hand."

Fanny put her hand in the old woman's, and went with her round the corner. But just as they were coming to the "back door," the old woman turned suddenly, threw the red cloak over the child, and a strong pair of arms took her up and went on with her very fast.

Fanny tried to scream, but her head was held down on the man's shoulder. Up and down the noisy streets, crossing, recrossing, the child was borne swiftly far, far away. At last he stopped. Fanny did not know whether to be more afraid then or not. They went into a door and up a creaking staircase. She stood at last on her feet; the cloak fell from her. Oh, what a strange picture she saw! A bare, unpainted room, a table covered with broken glasses, and a strange man standing by her. The door opened again, and the old woman reappeared.

"Don't cry, little dear," she said, "you shall go home soon. I forgot to get you the fan, dear, but I've brought you a cocoanut cake."

"Oh, no," cried Fanny, choked with tears. "I don't want it. Please take me back right away."

"Oh! What, want to leave your grandpa so soon? Why, all the little girls like to come and see me. What pretty bracelets! I guess we'll take these off, for there are folks round who steal!" she said, winking at the rough Italian who stood looking at her. "And we'll take off your furs, dear, for you may take cold when you go out. Eh, Antonio?" she said, laughing and looking again at the Italian.

"Oh, won't you take me home to my mamma?" begged Fanny. "She'll give you money enough to buy lots of bracelets."

"Yes, yes, we know," said the old woman, "lots of money, and then shut up the good old lady that brings you back. We know how they do."

Fanny looked up in despair at the dark-faced man who had brought her. "Please, sir, won't you take me back? Have you got any little girls? Wouldn't you feel bad to have them carried away?"

A strange look came over the man's face. He whispered to the old woman and left them.

"And now," she said to the child, "you needn't be afraid. You shall go back soon, but I'm afraid you'll get your pretty clothes soiled here, and I'll put on some others."

So she took off Fanny's clothes, and put on rough, torn shoes, a coarse, calico dress and a gray sack. Then she took a pair of scissors and Fanny's shining curls fell one by one on the rough, boarded floor. Fanny's begging was of no use, and so she stood still, the great tears rolling down her cheeks.

The woman gathered up the curls and Fanny's clothes, and opening another door told her to go in there, and she would bring her some cakes, for lunch.

Fanny went in, and the door shut behind her. Bewildered and frightened, she fell on her knees by the window.

"O dear Jesus, if you'll only help me and get me to my mamma, I'll never be naughty any more."

She got up and looked out of the window. A grog-shop was on the other side, and two men were fighting over a bottle. A woman sat by looking on. In her excitement she had let her baby roll off into the gutter.

"Police! police!" cried a man rushing out of a neighboring house; and to

Fanny's wonder appeared the very policeman who had helped her across the street Christmas after the service. Oh, if she could only make him see her!

She could not open the window. A brick lay on the window-sill. She threw it against a half-broken pane and called "Police! help!"

In an instant the Italian had her in his arms again—but the policeman held him! Fanny was safe!

That night, a little girl with rough, short hair and red eyelids knelt in her mamma's lap and prayed to God to forgive her for disobeying, and for what mamma called "taking a bribe."

What a hard lesson Fanny had! Try, children, always to be good, and then you won't have to be taught in such hard ways.

## SOME WORDS TO YOUNG



